

HOW A WOMAN MAY AVOID GETTING FAT BY HOME EXERCISE.



If there is a woman in New York who wants to reduce the size of her waist, let her take fencing lessons. That's what Jaquarina, the best swordswoman in America, says, and she is the ideal up-to-date new woman. Five feet seven inches in height, she does not look to weigh over 140, but she tips the scales at 193 pounds.

She does not know what it is to be tired. She never had a headache in her life. Her flesh is as smooth and firm as marble, and her face is as rosy and clear as the skin of a healthy child. Jaquarina hails from Lower California. In more than twenty mounted broadsword contests she has given a splendid account of herself, and has never been defeated, although her opponents were crack swordsmen, not only of this, but other countries—men hardened by years of military training and service in the saddle. She is now in training for a match with Captain Xavier Orlofsky, the crack Russian sword, to be held in December, at one of the riding academies, for a purse of \$1,000.

"Fencing is the most magnificent exercise for women in the world," says Jaquarina. "There are no such things as hollow chests, weak backs, or round shoulders among women who fence. Fencing teaches a firm, erect, graceful pose and a good walk. Fencing teaches a woman to breathe properly and keep the ugly wrinkles away from her mouth and nose. Another thing, a woman who fences and practises as she should never need spend any money for rouge or powder. I once visited a

boarding school of 800 girls, nearly every one of whom was a good swordswoman. There was not a girl with dull eyes and pale cheeks among them.

"Ah, yes; I'm a bit of a crank about sword exercise. But then, listen. When I was a young girl I was threatened with consumption. I was thin and pale, weak and languid. 'Send her South for the Winter,' said the doctors. 'Take good care of her and she may last a year or two.'

"Not at all," said my mother. 'I'm going to teach her to fence.' Like all well-trained Spanish women, the handling of the sword was made a part of my mother's education, and she started in. In a few months I was an altered creature. Sounds like a patent medicine tract, doesn't it? But it's true, and I have seen it prove true in so many cases that I believe the sword is mightier than the pillbox."

"See, here's the first thing to learn." She sprang to her feet, stood firmly alert, and threw back her chest. "Weight on the ball of the foot, shoulders back, and, see me breathe. No half open mouth, if you want to fence. There, look at this." Swish, over went the lithe body, pliant and as bending as a willow wand.

"That's for the waist," she said. "And stomach. It strengthens the muscles. Give me your hand a moment."

The lithe waist was as hard as iron. "You couldn't pinch me if you tried a week," she said. To the touch, the muscles of her shoulders, arms and limbs are like any ordinary woman's, but

when she contracts the muscles, hers is a physique of iron. She has jumped a rope 583 times, with the muscles of her lower limbs contracted, without a break. How is that for lung power? "Every muscle of the body exercised, you see," she said. "You have to do this thing a long time before you touch a sword. Then comes the first position." She took from its rack a three-pound broadsword, the edge of which looked as jagged as a saw from blows inflicted.

"The salute. Now I deliver the point. See how flexible the body is, how easily it springs back into position. Corsets? Yes, I have them on now. I do not wear them when I fence, of course, but I do not believe a sensibly worn corset ever hurt anybody. Another thing, I have never used clubs, dumbbells, pulling apparatus or any artificial means whatever. I do it all by the natural contraction and expansion of the muscles. Off-hand, contraction means the tightening of muscles and expansion means the loosening of the muscles.

"Now, throw your arms out sideways straight from your shoulder. Clench your fists hard and tighten every muscle in your arms. Now, draw your fists slowly to your shoulders. Rest a few seconds. Do you notice now that your arms feel as if they had lifted somewhat of a load? That illustrates my principle exactly, that a resistance can be created by the proper contraction of any muscle or set of muscles, which is the equivalent of the resistance created by lifting a specific weight

or the operation of any set of apparatus.

"Take a boy, for instance, when he wants to show his playmates his 'muscle,' he clenches his fist, swells his biceps with all his force, and gradually brings his hand to his shoulder. When he does this he is unwittingly creating strength by the most advanced and scientific method, and were he to keep this exercise up he would soon have an abnormally developed upper arm. This same principle may be applied to every muscle.

"Have you the least idea how many women have curvature of the spine? No? Well, fifty out of a hundred have it to a greater or lesser degree. Look at the women you see at a reception. Half of them stand with all their weight on one foot. That does not sound very serious, does it? But it throws the hips out of shape and makes the spine a hideous, crooked thing, that ruins the fit of the best gown ever made. Ask your dressmaker. She will tell you that not fifteen women in twenty have straight shoulders and even hips.

"See the way some school desks are made. The seats are so close to the desk that the child sits around sideways. Result, twisted shape. It's really wicked how careless people are about children's figures. If I had my way, I'd have every woman in this beautiful city learn to fence. It would keep them young and strong; and, well, when one is young and strong, one is happy." And Jaquarina looked as if she, for one, had solved the great secret of happiness.

Jaquarina, the Celebrated Swordswoman.

THE ALLURING NEW ELECTRIC BALLET IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."



The Electrician Behind the Scenes.

THE NEW WOMAN'S NEWEST IDEA.

Everybody lift his hat to Chicago—she has made the woman barber a "go." And she is barbering as if she means to stay. The lady barbers of the strip and razor have founded in Chicago a trade in which soft hands and a deft touch, and pretty faces, and the dainty neatness of woman-kind are an irresistible attraction for the bearded army by the lake. Added to this is a skill in manipulating the razor not surpassed by and often superior to that of the most accomplished barber of the French school. So it happens that the up-to-date barber shop in Chicago has been forced to employ the petticoated, white-aproned barbers or go out of business. In one Washington street shop, where a few weeks ago six men presided over as many chairs, four of the same chairs are guarded by tiny young bar-beresses. Submit your face to their ministrations and you will learn how the new woman has gained a foothold in the sweet of female occupations, since ancient times employing only men.

In the first place, you will find that Miss Razoreedge is a very practical young person, who attends strictly to business. She does not begin by reminding you that it is a fine day or asking you how you liked the result of the election. She is mute while she works, and she works to give you your money's worth. She does not run a towel down behind your collar as if she has a grudge against you and wants to get square, but she does it softly, gently, quietly. She does not spatter your face with a Niagara of lather that sprays into your eyes and down around your neck and makes you feel as if you were imprisoned in a soap vat, but she moves her brush evenly and daintily over your face, lightly rubbing the lather into the pores with her fingers and patting it with little caresses.

When the Chicago barber girl gives you a shampoo, you do not find her wrestling with your head in a Greek-Roman effort to decapitate you, but she rubs up and down and around with the slightest touch of her woman's palms, a series of smooth and regular motions that are at once a delight

to the senses and a sedative to the tired nerves. You are as if in a dream, and you are apt to the cover after she is all done that you have been taking a nap. The young Chicago men about town say it's better than a Turkish bath or a massage treatment. The girls get the same wages as the men, but their natural independence forbids so unwomanly a thing as the acceptance of a tip, and when you rise from the chair, refreshed and spry and span, you do not find them them around expectant of a dime.

"She rubs up and down with the airiest touch of her woman's palms."

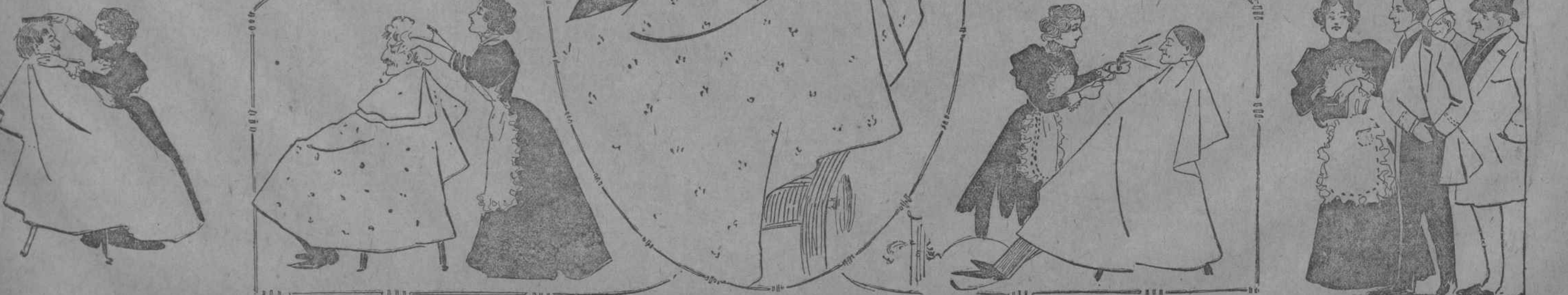


HOW THE ELECTRIC BALLET IS WORKED.

Seven of the prettiest ballet girls in New York appear nightly before hundreds of people apparently clad chiefly in light. They are enveloped from the tops of their heads to their toes in a myriad of little electric lamps, which shine and disappear with the music to which they dance. During the past week these seven girls have commanded nearly as much attention as the equine exhibition, and from a spectacular view far exceed any of the recent novelties introduced on the stage. Incased in a costume of wire

and lace, these girls give a dazzling exhibition, which at any moment might be cut short if the slightest accident happened to bring them in contact with several thousand volts of electricity which they cavort around with. "The Strange Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk" has racked the brains of electrical inventors as well as costumers to such an extent that the electric dance, which the seven maidens perform nightly at the Casino, exhibits such a bewildering rhythm of burning fire that the audiences almost always are silent with wonder. The arrangements for this alluring exhibition are the product of Henry Harndin, a young electrician, who hopes some day to find himself in competition with men like Tesla and Edison. Since the discovery of Crookes's tube and its adaptation to furnishing a more wonderful light than ever before discovered, Mr. Harndin has been constantly at work trying to improve on it, and devise a means whereby similar wonderful effects could be produced on the stage without being stationary.

To achieve this object a new machine was built. This machine is so complicated that Mr. Harndin, its inventor and builder, has not been able yet to apply any name to it. It is the only ever built and was only completed in time for operation at the first production of "Jack and the Beanstalk" two weeks ago at the Casino. At first appearance it looks like an old-fashioned parlor organ. When the cover is lifted two tables are seen, one above the other. The lower table contains seven currents, which supply forty-nine switches, or seven switches for each current. The electric power is obtained from a storage battery which is placed beside the machine. The storage battery is used at present, as the inventor has not yet completed his devices to safely use the powerful street current of 210,000 volts, which has to go all around the almost naked bodies of the seven dancers. The switches are worked by the inventor himself at the back of the stage while the dance is being executed before the curtain.



HOW THE NEW WOMAN OF CHICAGO FINDS A PROFITABLE AND ATTRACTIVE FIELD OF USEFULNESS.